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Shepherds and Kings

BY CHARLES F. WISHART

He chose David also his servant, And took him from the sheep-folds: From following the ewes that have their young he brought him, To be the shepherd of Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. So he was their shepherd according to the integrity of his heart, And guided them by the skillfullness of his hand.

Psalm 78: 70-72.

A SUPREME mark of a cultured man is his steady refusal to be frightened or overawed by mere size. He knew long before the days of Einstein that all bigness is a relative matter. Our statements about size are only comparisons, nothing more. To assert that anything is large is only to say that it is larger than something which is smaller; in other words, it is the bold assertion that the axioms still hold. Measurement by feet and yards, by squares and cubes, by bulk and dimension, can have nothing to say about matters of real significance. The little and the large constantly interact and interpenetrate. In our childhood we learned the old jingle about the loss of a horseshoe nail which meant the loss of a kingdom, a change in the whole face of human history. Today modern science is repeating that parable in a manner even more vivid and picturesque. Arthur Compton tells us of the electron so inconceivably tiny as to elude the human vision, yet which might with a perfectly unpredictable freedom jump one way and fire a load of dynamite, or jump another way with entire safety. The most immense issues turn on pivots too minute to be pictured by human imagination.

Thus our education has scarcely begun unless we have learned to quit thinking about mere bigness in the sense of bulk as being particularly impressive or important. It is the intellectual, moral, and personal significance of areas or articles, little and large, which

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furnish a real basis of comparison. You could put the Holy Land into a Texas county. But Palestine is large enough in its significance to furnish the spiritual atlas for the whole human race.

The Illusion of Bigness

Why do we, in America, take so keenly to heart the sizes of things, anyhow? Cleveland, for instance, must exclaim in tones partly explanatory, partly apologetic, and partly defiant, because Los Angeles, by taking in most of contiguous southern California clear down to the Mexico line, has passed her and become the fifth city of America. Pittsburgh papers with labored solemnity assure the waiting world that the total Pittsburgh community, if annexed, would be greater than Los Angeles. And the ever-delightful Mr. Fontaine Fox, in his pictures of daily life in Toonerville, shows the inhabitants of this village giving the cold shoulder to a family which had been absent when the census was taken and had by their absence nefariously allowed Toonerville to be outstripped by a rival town. Well, Toonerville, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, or Los Angeles—what of it? The significance of a city is not the number of humans that dwell therein. Its significance lies in its physical comfort and cleanliness, in its atmosphere of culture and kindliness, in its schools and churches, in its facilities for developing and nourishing the best life of its citizens.

By the same kind of Toonerville small-town thinking we have writers who are overawed by the size of the universe. We are told how many million billion billion miles or light years the range of the universe extends. And our brains reel while our mathematics crack under the strain of counting the apparently countless stars. But once again, what of it? Why be "astronomically intimidated?" Is the significance of a million billion miles of empty space as great as that of one little baby with infinite capacities for intellectual, moral, and spiritual development? I think not. What are most of these suns and stars that we hear about but vast masses of gas or vapor at various temperatures? The only significance about that is in the mind of the amazing creature called "man," who has learned how to measure that gas and study its component parts, even though he is a million billion miles away from it. We talk about the Copernican astronomy as though it had once and for all set man back into his place as an utterly insignificant little insect on an equally insignificant little pin-prick of a planet. But we forget that the greatest thing about the Copernican astronomy was Copernicus. Obviously there is greater significance to the mind which searched out the hidden track of the star or planet than to the planets themselves. Even though the universe were to crush man, still, as Pascal observed, he would know what was going on, while the universe would not.

No Great, No Small

No, so far as moral significance is concerned, measurements of bulk and tonnage are as nothing. There is no great and small. What we call little and large are simply intertwining and interpenetrating factors of one great cosmic whole.

> **And truly, I reiterate, Nothing's small!**
> **No lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee,**
> **But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;**
> **No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere;**
> **No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim.**

The passage indicated for our text is taken from a wild, barbaric song which recounts the story of Israel—their unfaithfulness and their backsliding. At the heart of the song is the wisdom and goodness of their God, and with such a theme the singer mounts here and there to heights of real splendor. The climax is reached with the dramatic contrast of our text. God in his wisdom and goodness chose a simple shepherd and made a king out of him. What a thrilling metamorphosis! A man is taken from a little place, as we say, and suddenly brought into a large place. But is the contrast as sharp as appears upon the surface? Was the one place so little and the other so large, after all? I suppose there is just one point of view from which the task of a king is of fundamentally greater significance than the task of a shepherd. The king is dealing with people, and the shepherd with sheep. "By how much, therefore, is a man of more value than a sheep?" By so much is the leader of people performing a greater task than a leader of dumb animals.

But apart from this, the mere appurtenances, the incidentals, the accessories—these are nothing. A shepherd's crook or a monarch's scepter; a shepherd's hovel or a monarch's palace—these are only incidental. The size of his kingdom did not matter, either. Whether it were only the few bare fields over which the sheep roamed, or the whole wide country from Dan to Beersheba, it mattered not. The rude mantle that protected him from the frost of the night, or the gold and brocade of the royal vestments were of little importance. The meal of bread and cheese and figs, and the water of some spring by the wayside, or the magnificent courses of the stately king's table did not matter much. He could eat little more or live with little less on either menu. The stars that brooded over him through the night or the rich canopy that surrounded the royal bed—these were of little import. So far as bulk measurements go, so far as the things that can be estimated by size and measurement were concerned, David's transition was not so much from a little place to a large one as from one place to another.

Life Is Continuous

If one may venture to apply the parallel to the case of the college graduate, it seems to me that he, too, is not so much stepping from a little place to a large one as from one place to another. We hear much glib talk as though the graduation of a student means passing from a small world to a large one. Well, I have known those who lived essentially in a larger world on the college campus than many attain out of it. The world in which we live and the world through which we move are very different things, and there are those who move through a very great

vorld, indeed, but who manage to gather up and sur-ound themselves with very little of its real signifi-ance. We talk about going out into the cold world s though the campus was ever and always a place f warmth and sweetness and light, and our after-raduation contacts those of hardness and coldness and ndifference. Well, I have known some very cold cor-ers on a college campus. There are students now nd again who have found it more lonely in their ndergraduate life, perhaps, than they will ever find t again. And despite its chill there are a good many varm spots to be found through postgraduate expe-

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ience. No, we need to emphasize the continuity of ife here and everywhere rather than any sharp break t the moment when the student receives his diploma. We are learning in these days to emphasize the con-inuity of life in our thinking about a future world. And just as our present day view is not so much that f a sharp break between a little life here and a colos-al life there, but rather a gliding transition to the ame kind of life in a different setting; so we think f commencement day as this kind of transition where, n a different field hereafter, the same qualities and he same capacities will find play in pretty much the ame fashion as on the campus.

I have already noted a real difference between David he shepherd, and David the king, in one respect. There was a new moral significance to his life in the ew sphere of his exercise because he was dealing no onger with sheep but with people. Shall we also ay that postgraduate life will have a new significance ecause the student is dealing no longer with theories but with the actual facts of life, with the working of these theories in the play and interplay of human contacts? So that while the new field of service is no larger than the campus, it is different in this, that one is less absorbed in theory and more definitely linked up to the practical application of those theories in every field of human endeavor.

Greatness in a Small Sphere

Now we come to the heart of this text and of my message. The same qualities which made David great in what we call a little sphere, made him great in a large one. He was a great king because he had been a great shepherd. The character needed to succeed in the latter was essentially the character that had been developed by the former career. It takes courage to be a good shepherd—courage and endurance and watchfulness, that toughness of physical and spiritual fiber which can stand up under the burning heat of the day and the freezing cold of the night, which can endure loneliness and exposure, constant anxiety about the dangers of the wild beasts, and the desert and the drought and the storms. And above all it takes patience to be a shepherd. Infinite patience with the silly sheep—the sheep which can be frightened and stampeded and gulled, which go "baaing" along after every upstart leader, which become frightened when they are safe and feel secure when they ought to be frightened, which will wander away from the fold and the flock to live their own lives and express themselves according to their own free will until they confront starvation in the desert or the fangs of a savage beast; which bleat a great deal and think very little—yes, it takes an infinite patience to be a good shepherd of the sheep.

None other than these are the qualities of great men. Courage and endurance, determination and resolution, that toughness of mental and moral fiber which refuses to recognize defeat; and, above all, an infinite patience. John Hay somewhere tells how Abraham Lincoln once lost his self-control in the presence of an utterly insolent office seeker, and how he literally thrust him bodily out of the room. John Hay was greatly delighted by this little scene, but added that ordinarily the patience of Lincoln was nearest the Almighty's of any man he had ever known. I remember how President Thwing once told me of a conversation which he held with the late Charles W. Eliot, renowned president of Harvard university. And Dr. Thwing said to him, "What is the greatest quality which a college president needs?" Without a moment's hesitation Eliot replied, "Patience." Those who knew Dr. Eliot might perhaps feel that there were times when he, like all of us, fell short of his own standards of perfection. But certainly this fine, shepherd quality is an essential to any leader of men. When in 1865 James Russell Lowell at Harvard wrote his class commemoration ode, to me for the most part a somewhat commonplace poem, he rose suddenly to a promethean height under the heat and flame of the recently martyred Lincoln's memory, and

he gave us an immortal picture of one who had been a great shepherd and had become a king of men:

> For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
> And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
> Of the unexhausted West,
> With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
> Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
> How beautiful to see
> Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
> Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
> One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
> Not lured by any cheat of birth,
> But by his clear-grained human worth,
> And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
> They knew that outward grace is dust;
> They could not choose but trust
> In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
> And supple-tempered will
> That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.

Now the student, if he reflects at all, finds that these qualities about which I have been talking are those which make for success upon the college campus. They are the same factors—courage and persistence and application and endurance and infinite patience—the same virtues which will make for success when one leaves the campus. They are so admirably summed up in this text that I cannot forbear pointing out the fitness and significance especially of the last verse: "So he was their shepherd according to the integrity of his heart and guided them by the skillfulness of his hand." Integrity of heart and skillfulness of hand are, I suppose, the chief things which educational institutions concern themselves about. The one represents what we call the cultural ideal and the other the technical or vocational ideal. We are here, of course, chiefly concerned with the first. Integrity of heart, in a broad phase, the integration or rounding out of all the qualities of personality! That, I take it, is what a cultural education means. Wholeness and also wholesomeness, an all-round development of intellect, esthetics, morals, and physical well-being; so that the problems of life may be attacked with the weight of a full, rounded, solid personality! Not lopsided, not unduly sharpened in one direction at the expense of another!

The second ideal, skillfulness of hand, will, of course, be intertwined with the first, in an institution of our type must be subordinated to it. Many of you will go on to other institutions where more directly specialized ability will fit you for the tasks that lie ahead. But we shall have done the best we can for you if we have helped you to integrate yourselves. Rounded and balanced characters with trained and sharpened intellect with a deep and sympathetic vision, you should have what David got through his lonely vigils under the brooding stars. Integrity of heart! "I will walk on in mine integrity," said another Psalmist. That is the shortest biography of a cultured man that I know of anywhere.

If one has this integrity of heart, the environment matters little. He will be kingly as a shepherd, and will carry the spirit of a shepherd when he becomes a king. He will take seriously the responsibilities of a college campus while he is on it. But he will car the simplicity and the humanity and the democracy a college campus into the highest position which may attain in life.

> All service ranks alike with God;
> With God whose puppets best and worst
> Are we, there is no last or first.

I somehow think the greatest thing which life c possibly offer to any one of us is that by the grace God we should fill a kingly place in the spirit of shepherd. David was the greatest king which Isra ever had. But the outstanding feature of his amazi career as a successful monarch was not his triump as a warrior or his insight as a statesman. The secr of the amazing hold which this man had upon t hearts and the imaginations of his people, not on during his lifetime, but for long centuries after had passed away is given in this text. He was alwa a shepherd. Many mistakes he made; sins deep a terrible he committed. But always he was a lover his people; he had a shepherd's heart, and they unde stood and forgave and loved him in return. For him who loves much shall much be forgiven.

"The Good Shepherd"

Behold, now, that far greater Saul who came afte wards, the latchet of whose shoes David was unworth to loose. He came in the line of natural descent fro this shepherd king. He was a son of David, and y David, in spirit, called him Lord. Probably Jesus ha never known the life of a shepherd as his imperial a cestor had known it. Jesus had been a carpenter, n a keeper of the flocks. Yet when he came to choose name by which he might be known, he called himse the "Good Shepherd." His friends and followe would know what that meant. For in that day Jes explicitly said a good shepherd would even lay dow his life for his sheep. So Jesus took that name an clung to it. Pilate, the Roman official, with a sneerin deferential, mock courtesy, said to Jesus, "Art thou king, then?" And the Master did not disclaim t title. He replied, "Thou sayest that I am a King. T this end have I been born, and to this end am I com into the world, that I should bear witness unto the trut Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." Ye Jesus was a king. But how different a monarch from t Roman emperor. His kingdom was truth, and his su jects were those who opened their hearts and lives to t truth. Yes, Jesus, too, was a king. But he did n talk to his own as the Roman emperors to their su jects. He said, "From henceforth, I call you not ser ants, but I have called you friends." He told the that he was their shepherd, and that as a good she herd, he knew and loved every one of his sheep. N like a flock, *en masse,* but individually. And with i finite tenderness he assured them that the shepher knew his sheep by name. We behold him in that la lovely scene which John pictures. The scene by t shores of blue Galilee, early in the morning. The he is still the shepherd. For there he is restoring lo sheep, sheep who have strayed away from the fol Does he not bring back Simon Peter within the sacre

circle of his love? And then he sends that forgiven disciple out to be in turn a shepherd. "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."

This beautiful, regal figure stands there in the golden light of that simple scene, and today the whole civilized world gazes on it, and all thinking men gaze with adoration. It is a picture which the world can never let fade. The figure of the wisest, strongest man who ever lived, mightiest among the holy, the holiest among the mighty, who had the same relation to all men that a good and kind and tender shepherd has to his helpless flock. God help the world if that picture ever does fade! I read not long ago a learned disquisition by an extremely modern thinker declaring that the time had come when we ought to revise the Twenty-third Psalm. It is couched, we are told, in terms out-of-date and no longer intelligible to the modern mind. Shepherds have passed out. They are no longer in the mode. And the revision suggested was in effect that hereafter we should say: "The Lord is my psychoanalyst, who will lead my libido aright and properly guide my complexes." I would not want to live in a world so utterly devoid of a sense of humor, a sense of proportion, any spiritual imagination whatsoever, as that which could take seriously so bizarre and grotesque a suggestion as this. So long as historical imagination remains, we shall always know what the shepherd means. And so long as the sins and sorrows and tragedies of human kind remain, we shall need the picture of the shepherd in our thought of God.

Years ago as a college boy I came upon the simple tender lines of Mrs. Sarah McClain Greene about the good shepherd, and I have loved them ever since. For in the quaint and plaintive accent of the colored folk it is to me a picture of God in his relation to things that my own soul needs and to which it clings.

De massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
Oh den, says de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's;
But de res', dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

That poet's lovely picture is the heart of the Christian gospel—far more clear and convincing than any phrase of rigid and hard definition. The king of men is a king of love. And because he was a king of love, he became incarnate as a shepherd of men. And because he was a shepherd of men, he gave his life for his sheep.

A Simple Faith

I wonder if you have seen or read that remarkable play, "The Green Pastures." You will be shocked at first by the representation of God on the stage—God as a kindly, benevolent, wise, shrewd, colored preacher. But you ought to remember that in the Old Testament God is represented as appearing in a human form and eating and talking with men. You ought to remember, too, that these colored folk, in their imagination, have formed such a picture of God and that they are not irreverent but deeply reverent. As the play goes on you will forget the incongruity, the grotesque incidentals. For you will be caught up by the tremendous moral earnestness of a simple primitive faith. A faith which pictures God dealing patiently and earnestly in his desire to help and save men. Again and again he is frustrated and disappointed. And after his stern judgments had failed to win and save men, there appears upon the scene Hosea, the prophet of tenderness and forgiving love. And then in conversation with an imaginary character, the Almighty speaks and the theme of the play is revealed—that God can save men only through forgiveness, and that forgiveness can be brought about only through suffering and death; that God must love men to the death in order to save them. In the final scene God and Gabriel are talking, and Gabriel says:

"You look awful pensive, Lawd. You been sittin' yere, lookin' dis way, an awful long time. Is it somethin' serious, Lawd?"

"Very serious, Gabriel."

"Lawd, is de time come for me to blow?"

"Not yet, Gabriel. I'm just thinkin'."

"What about, Lawd?"

"'Bout somethin' de boy tol' me. Somethin' 'bout Hosea, and himself. How dey foun' somethin'."

"What, Lawd?"

"Mercy. 'Through *sufferin'*,' he said."

"Yes, Lawd."

"I'm tryin' to find it, too. It's awful impo'tant. It's awful impo'tant to all de people on my earth. Did he mean dat even God must suffer?"

And then in the distance there are heard cries: "O look at him! Oh, look, dey goin' to make him carry it up dat high hill! Dey goin' to nail him to it! Oh, dat's a terrible burden for one man to carry!" There, out yonder, in the dim background, unseen by the audience, is the mysterious tragedy of the cross. And the Almighty bows his head to that grim necessity of an intolerable love. The heavenly beings about him smile gently with joy and relief. The angels about him sing, "Hallelujah! King Jesus!" and in the smile of God himself the scene fades out.

The kingliest life for you is the life of a shepherd. By that I mean a life which you will deliberately plan as one of loving service for your fellow-men. It will bring you more joy and happiness than any other. It

will give you more kingly power than any other. There is a tremendous passage in Paul's Philippian letter in which he speaks of Jesus, who counted it not, he says, a thing to be grasped to remain on an equality with God. He gave up, in other words, his kingly status and became the servant of men. But Paul goes on to say that for this cause he has been exalted to a supreme place in the thought and reverence of the world. There are just two attitudes toward life, the grasping attitude and the open hand of help. Jesus opened his hands to help, and became a king. Will you go out with the open hand to lead, to guide, to save your fellowmen? To grasp a crown is to lose it. To forget self in service is to attain the amaranthine crown.

The Challenge of the Colossal

By C. K. Mahoney

Thou hast set my feet in a large room. Psalm 31:8.

THIS is a picture of a man confronted with vastness, as though he had suddenly come out into the wide spaces. One may have such a feeling on entering some magnificent and spacious cathedral or even on coming from a train into some great modern terminal station, such as the Grand Central station or the Pennsylvania station in New York. One has the feeling on the great far-flung plains of the west. In the case of the Psalmist there seems to be, as is so often the case in such an experience, an exaltation of spirit. Some time ago I read an essay entitled, "The Tonic of Big Things." In Mrs. Barclay's "Rosary" there is a prescription to see Niagara Falls and the Pyramids of Egypt and other objects of commanding size. This is a prescription for a life become narrow and circumscribed. Perhaps in the case of the writer of the text the words were induced by a feeling of release from the straitened circumstances of adversity.

But exaltation of spirit is not the universal mood of such an experience. The realization of the vastness of the universe may cause a feeling of the futility and insignificance of the individual life, so tiny and fragile in contrast with things gigantic. Sometimes the mood produced may be one of humility and repentance. But I am convinced that the more common impression is that of challenge.

Attempting the Heights

There is something extremely significant and suggestive in the repeated efforts of men to climb such mountains as Mount McKinley and Mount Everest. Lives are sacrificed again and again in the attempt to reach unreached heights. But that makes no difference, apparently, to those strugglers for the top, unless it be to increase the ardor of their desire and to incite them to stronger efforts than ever before. There are no hidden treasures luring men to those dizzy summits. There is no thought of a new Ten Commandments coming to a man who may keep lonely vigil on those mountain heights. The modern mind has no illusions of a garden of the gods resting on those cloud-capped pinnacles. Perhaps the fame of achievement counts for little in the motivation of most of that effort. Yet those intrepid climbers struggle upward in toil and pain and at the risk of life, marking with joy each fresh attainment of altitude that breaks the record.

Why is it? What is it? It is the answer of the human soul to the challenge of the colossal. Those great mountains cry out of their rugged vastness and down from their rocky steeps to the sons of men, saying: "Come and climb me. Reach the supreme pinnacles of your world. Find the glory that gilds my summit. I am large and you are small. I belong to the ages. You are but for the moment. I dare you to come." And the spirit of man replies: "I am coming. I may not conquer you now. You may kill me in my attempt to climb you, but in time you shall feel the pressure of human feet on the crown of your head."

The great ocean has challenged the spirit of man in the same way. The psalmist of Israel sang, "Deep calleth unto deep." The deep of the ocean called to the deep in the heart of man. All wide seas became a challenge for crossing. The sea said: "Come. I dare you to cross me. I shall drown you in my depths; I shall feed your flesh to the fishes; I shall pile your little ships on the rocks and sands." And the spirit of man answered, "Coming!" And out on the deep the storms raged in their fury, but the frail vessels with their fragile human cargoes rode on through storm and calm. And from a dread Unknown strange voices whispered, "You will come to the rim of the world and pitch off; great monsters are waiting to devour you. A burning cauldron lies in your path." But the dauntless spirit of man replied with one refrain, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

Conquests of the Air

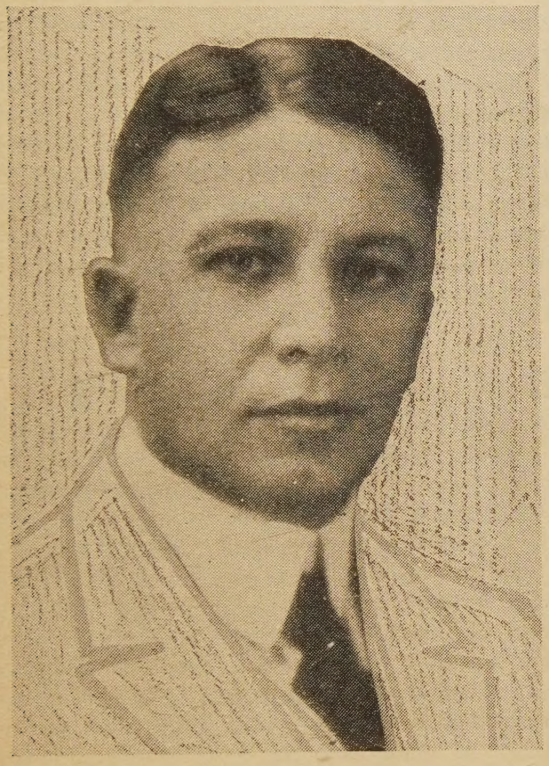
Man was challenged by the air, by the possibilities of flight. He was told that flight was impossible. Scientists worked out careful proof of the fact that a body heavier than air could never rise in air. But the birds are heavier than air and they fly. That fact kept the challenge before the inventor and aeronaut. And not only was flight successful but flight across the wide oceans and around the earth's poles is an accomplished fact.

The unscaled heights, the vast reach of untried seas, the looming insurmountable, the defiant impossible have always presented challenges to the spirit of man, challenges that have been met with the unfailing response of effort. And again and again has that effort met with success.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried;

So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face; if he worried he hid it;
And started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

You can get men to do large things when you cannot get them to do small things. That servant of Naaman showed himself to be a wise interpreter of the human heart when he said to his master, "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" The Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of New York went into the office of a



C. K. Mahoney

New York financier and asked him to be one of ten men who would each give ten thousand dollars for a hundred thousand dollar project of religious activity in the Bronx. The magnate replied: "Your proposition is too small and inadequate to interest me, but I will be one of ten men to give a hundred thousand dollars toward a million dollar effort of that sort in the Bronx." Many men are built that way. They are ready to meet the challenge of a big thing. They have no interest in that which seems puny and petty.

Colossal souls measure up to the challenge of the colossal. Jesus Christ met such a challenge, the challenge of a lost world, the challenge of all the gigantic and defiant evils in the world, the challenge of the cross. And we call him Master now and mean it in the sense of conqueror. We behold in him an expression of all the illimitable possibilities and potentialities of a glorious, incorruptible spirituality, battling with overwhelming odds. We behold man answering the challenge of the colossal, endowed with the spirit of mastery over all mighty forces.

Thou madest him a little lower than the angels,
Thou crownest him with glory and honor,
And didst set him over the works of thy hands,
Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet.

"For in that he hath put all things in subjection under him, he left nothing that is not put under him. But now we see not yet all things put under him. *But we see Jesus.*" He is the prophecy of final human victory. He is the demonstration of the ultimate human potentialities. The colossal Christ becomes man's answer to the supreme challenge of the colossal. This supreme challenge of the colossal I see divided, like all Gaul, into three parts.

I.

The first is the challenge of the ages.

When Napoleon drew up his army on the sands of Egypt, his dramatic mind could not escape the spell of his surroundings. The pyramids stood in hoary grandeur above the Man of Destiny and his armies. Addressing his soldiers, he said: "Forty centuries look down upon you and contemplate your action this day." It was the challenge of the ages. All the mighty achievements of the centuries were crying out to those armies, defying them to surpass the glory of other days. The marvels of the past stood there as mute but inspiring witnesses of the deeds that were to be performed on that day.

The writer of Hebrews felt the call of that same challenge, the challenge of a great past. He called the roll for the churches of the great heroes of religious faith and religious achievement. He marshaled the patriarchs, the statesmen, the kings, the prophets, the martyrs of religious history in imposing array before the young church of Jesus Christ. Then he voiced the challenge of that glorious past: "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." It is the challenge of the bygone centuries to the men of the future to create a better and finer world by demonstrating a higher and finer life of faith.

There are some interesting stories told of Alexander the Great, the Macedonian conqueror. Some have said that when he saw the vast extent of his father's dominions and beheld the working of the irresistible tide of his growing power, he burst into tears, weeping lest no fields of military glory should be left for the exercise of his own genius. Some have said that when he saw his father master of what he thought was the whole earth, he shook his sword at the moon and swore because of his realization that it hung beyond the reach of his imperial ambitions. I do not know that either of these stories has a great amount of truth, historically speaking, but I am sure that it is possible for ambitious souls to contemplate the glories of the ages and be concerned about the possibilities of the future. I think Jesus realized the possibility of such a thought in the minds of his disciples. And in spite of the stupenduous things that they saw done before their eyes by his hand, he declared, "Greater things than these shall ye do."

That is the challenge of the ages, to out-do the past, to do greater things than have ever been done. A great heritage comes down to us from other generations—a heritage of wisdom, of learning, of example, of accumulated blessing. It comes with the challenge to do greater things, to hand down to succeeding generations a better and more satisfying world than we have received.

II.

The second is the challenge of life.

The great challenge of life is to plumb the depths of its meanings, to solve its riddles, to find out in experience and by reflection what it is all about. Picture a lone Hebrew philosopher, standing in an open plain or upon some hill top of his homeland, gazing into the star-lit, measureless spaces of infinity and saying to his God out of his meditations: "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" Here you have a soul face to face with the colossal vastness of the universe and face to face with the colossal mystery of life.

There is no greater mystery than the mystery of life. The scientists of all the ages have been trying to find out what life is. They are now just about as much at sea as they ever were. The animate and the inanimate are somehow conjoined in one common world, but the line that differentiates one from the other is never crossed by either.

The higher the order of life, the more complex and profound the mystery. Man is just now engaged in making investigations and discoveries in the realm of human personality. He calls it psychology. It has a multitude of related sciences dependent upon its results. It is extremely important. Dr. James Harvey Robinson has suggested that if man had spent as much time in the scientific study of himself as of his world, the human race would be vastly better off.

I have suggested the challenge of the undiscovered in the physical universe, but that is utterly incomparable with the challenge that confronts man in the sphere of his personal life. All the great problems of the present are human problems, problems whose solution is dependent upon a knowledge of the human personality. Modern man is bewildered in the effort to apply the categories of the physical world to the problems of the human world. They will not work. He is faced with the challenge to the discovery of the central meanings of life—personal life, social life, spiritual life.

For example, the human race seems helpless in the pressure of the menace of war. War is becoming too dangerous to be tolerated. Another world war is likely to mean the suicide of humanity. We are becoming aware that the causes of war are fundamentally psychological. They lie within the realm of the human spirit. Wars are generated out of life impulses and passions. They issue in physical destruction, but they are not grounded in physical causes. But we are so ignorant of human life that we have not been able to discover and use ways of social control to prevent war and eliminate the menace of world suicide. Our knowledge and use of physical forces is becoming so great that our ignorance of the fundamental facts of our human life is raising the serious question if physical science is about to destroy itself by destroying civilization and even mankind. The challenge is to know life, to become acquainted with ourselves, to face scientifically the mysteries of personality and its attendant problems.

The business world rests upon psychological foundations. The key to all economic laws is in the unfathomed soul of man. All forms of oppression, all social and industrial injustice, all poverty and wretchedness, all questions of crime and law and political management, have their roots down deep in the soil of human life. That constitutes the great challenge that humanity must answer. That constitutes the challenge of religion, the challenge to discover the inner nature of life and to apply to the vast needs of the world of mankind the remedial measures of an adequate spirituality.

III.

The final challenge is the challenge of death.

Dr. Jacks had a brilliant article some time ago in the Atlantic Monthly, bearing the title, "The Challenge of Death." He says: "It is the spear-point of the Challenge of Life, not to be evaded on any terms, as the fashion now is to evade it. To find a good in life which is worth achieving in spite of the fact, consciously realized, that this visible scene on which we operate, and we the visible agents who operate within it, will presently be gathered to the dark death-kingdoms and enfolded in the bosom of the everlasting Silence—that is the spear-point of the challenge, the acid test of philosophy, the point where philosophy must either pass into religion or retire, beaten, from the field."

"Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." This is the requiem of the race, as set down by the arch-pessimist of all world literature.

But it is true. I was startled by the simple statement of Dr. Merton S. Rice, "Nearly everybody is dead." But it is true. There is only a handful of people in the world compared with the billions of the dead.

Death covers all earthly endeavors with the mantle of futility.

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Hamlet stands in the graveyard with the skull of his old friend Yorick in his hand. He thinks of the days when Yorick was alive and a part of his own world. He asks Horatio if he thinks Alexander looked in that fashion in the earth, and muses,

> Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

I once heard J. Stitt Wilson remark that it is a profitable exercise for any man to think of himself as in the cemetery. That depends. A man whose philosophy cannot meet the challenge of death has nothing to offer that is profitable to himself or his neighbor. He has nothing better to say than the chanting cynic:

A moment's halt, a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo! the phantom caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from. Oh, make haste!

Death offers the supreme frustration of earthly planning and effort. In the face of its colossal challenge, all the struggle of the centuries, all the achievements of the past, all the boasted attainments of art and science, all the evolutionary progress of the ages, "the hopes and fears of all the years," add up to exactly nothing. For all will be wiped out in the final dissolution of this solar system, all will be "buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins."

"Defeated Lives"

A few weeks ago two ladies of the city of Minneapolis were engaged in conversation with a minister on a train coming into this city. One of these ladies stated that life had become well-nigh meaningless and hopeless for her. She said: "The preachers are through. There is nothing that they can offer of comfort or consolation. For my part, I shall be glad when it is all over, but I should like to put a sign over the gate of every cemetery in the land with the words, 'Defeated Lives!'" This is the mood of this generation. It is filled with disillusionment and a sense of defeat because it has no philosophy with which to face death.

Man's only answer to the challenge of death is the answer of faith. Dr. Jacks in a very fine way shows in his brilliant discussion that our confidence in life must span the chasm which separates the here from the hereafter. It grounds all hope in the assumption that the universe in which we now have our home is a Living Universe and basically spiritual. This is in substance saying nothing more than that if you have sufficient faith in God, he will take care of all the rest. The challenge of death is a challenge to a supreme faith in a great God.

For the Christian, faith in God is faith in Christ. God is mediated to him through Christ. He meets the supreme challenge with the colossal Christ. To meet the challenge of the ages he is ageless. "Before Abraham was I am." "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." To meet the challenge of life, he has presented an example of complete fidelity to the highest ideals of truth and right. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." To meet the challenge of death, he is risen from the dead and alive forever more. "He that liveth and believeth in me; though he were dead, yet shall he live." "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou alone hast the words of eternal life."

The Church of the Living God

By Hugh Thomson Kerr

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Isaiah 40:3-5.

GOD is coming! Make ready the way! This is the message of the prophet. Before there can be a divine visitation there must be a moral cleansing. Before there is a religious awakening there must be an ethical readjustment. Fulfilled in the coming of Christ this message of the evangelical prophet is always being fulfilled in the life of the church. The day of the Lord is near. The kingdom of God is at hand. God is coming! Prepare ye the way!

The amazing words of grace had been spoken. "Comfort ye, Comfort ye my people." The voice of God's bewildering forgiveness had been heard far off in the land of exile. A religion that does not begin with words of forgiveness is no gospel. On the other hand, a religion that stops with forgiveness is not the religion of the New Testament. Grace must find expression. Absolution must issue in righteousness. We listen to the message "Comfort ye" but we hear also the mandate "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Addressed to the people of God, to the church of the living God, the language is intimate and arresting. There is a note of immediacy about it. Some of us remember how the enemy planes in France sent soldiers and civilians hurrying to safety. Still more vividly do we remember the thrill that came when the danger was passed and the trumpeters sounded the recall. That is what we hear. We hear the trumpet of God sounding the recall to righteousness. Three times the trumpet sounds. It proclaims the fact of the Living God, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." It proclaims the task of the church, "Make straight in the desert a highway." It proclaims the ultimate triumph, "The glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together." The whole horizon is glorious with the dawn for "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

I

We have first of all the arresting proclamation of *the fact of the Living God.* God is coming. This is the word that comes out of the desert. "God is coming, prepare ye the way." Like the repeated notes of a great oratorio this is the challenge the trumpet sounds out of the long silence, "O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!"

Anyone who knows the thought of our time must confess that the fact of the Living God has become vague and hazy to the people of this generation. A severe but sympathetic critic states that people forsake the church because they go expecting to find God and are disappointed. One of the leading communists in America, in answer to the question of the congressional commission as to whether atheism is a part of the creed of communism, said: "No. But one who becomes a communist must necessarily be in the process of liquidating his religious beliefs." That is an arresting statement. One wonders if that process has been taking place in America and if the liquidating of our belief in a Living God — all-personal, all-powerful, all-present—has anything to do with our present bewilderment in religion, in morals and in politics.

It would be easy to analyze this process of liquidation. The control of the hitherto secret resources of the world has given to our generation a new sense of power and we have leaped to the conviction that if we can control and exploit the mystery of the stars above and of the soul within, we do not need God, and we have substituted for the Living God one of his own creations: ether or energy or electricity or the élan vital, always written of course with a capital. We have substituted relativity for reality; psychology for prayer, an inferiority complex for sin; social control for family worship; autosuggestion for conversion; reflex action for revelation; astronomical intimidation for the fear of God; the spirit of the wheels for the power of the Spirit.

The Testimony of Science

While rejoicing in the recent deliverances of great physicists and astronomers to the effect that the mechanistic view of the universe has been thrown root and branch out of their house, one cannot help feeling that there is something pathetic about the alacrity with which we pick up crumbs that fall from the table of the scientist, hoping thereby to feed our faith. It is surely a reversal of form. Where can God be found if not here? Must we discount the revelation of God in Christ, and turn again to an academic search for deity which in the past has always registered a negative? We are all too ready to bow down before the shrine of a narrow intellectualism. Something is to be said for the contention of Bishop Gore that Jesus classified intellectualism with covetousness as a barrier to the kingdom of God. Jesus demands no special academic learning. He does demand moral sincerity. The strong words of Martin Luther, when he had to face the emperor, challenge us. "Christ comes and sits at the right hand—not of the kaiser, for in that case we should have perished long ago—but at the right hand of God. This is a great and incredible thing; but I enjoy it, incredible as it is; some day I mean to die in it. Why should I not live in it?" Indeed and why not?

Certain it is that it is not by the path of the philosopher or the physicist that we come to saving faith in the Living God. Augustine, himself no mean philosopher, in one of his most searching passages says, "It is not by our feet but by our affections that we ever come to God or return to him." He does not renounce intellectual values. God forbid. He does, however, exalt personality as the recipient of truth. If the Living God is to come to us across the separating spaces, we need go no further than where we are. Everything is in ourselves. The far country, the swine, the husks, the rags, the homesickness, the hunger of the heart, the deep regret, the high resolve, the courageous penitence, the ring, the robe, the music, the Father's house, they are all here. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Out of the

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memories of my childhood come the words of the old Scotch paraphrase which has everything in it.

> Our *hearts* if God we seek to know
> Shall know him and rejoice.
> His coming like the morn shall be;
> Like morning songs his voice.

Apart from faith there is nothing for us but the desert, and more than all else, we need a recall to faith in the Living God.

II

Sorely as we need the Living God, we cannot, however, command him. We cannot predict the coming of his Spirit. We cannot issue a spiritual mandate. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." When God comes he will not heed our why or when but "comes down his own secret stair." I am not sure that our theology of the Spirit does not get in the way of our evangelism. The Holy Spirit has come. Pentecost has taken place. The Living God is out in the world. The Christ of the Indian Road is the Christ of every

road. He is present in all of life, everywhere and always. To be spiritually minded is to be aware of the presence of the Living God in all of life.

Let us examine the doctrine. All truth is subject to law. Law reigns from eternity to eternity and all law is God's law. The worker in his laboratory therefore says to himself, "If I prepare the way, if I remove the alien and hindering substance, if I add the proper element, then truth will leap to life. Only let me get the condition right. Let me clear away all antagonism and the fire will fall." That is what the scientist says. He knows truth is knocking at his door. This, too, is the law of the Spirit. "If any man will open the door, I will come in." If any man will prepare the way, if he will make a clear path, if he will fill in the valleys, level the mountains, straighten out the crooked places, then the Living God will come. But not till then. It will not avail to criticize, to hold conferences, to call down fire out of heaven. It will not avail to cry "Veni Creator Spiritus." The divine fire will fall, the Spirit will come, God will appear when, and only when, the way is made ready. It is the message of the New Testament, "Repent for the kingdom of God is at hand."

We live in a faith world. We live in a world that says, "According to your faith be it unto you." We live in a world that answers back to us. It says yes to our yes and no to our no. The sailor must hoist his sail if he is to catch the wind. The miner must sink his shaft if he is to discover the gold. The engineer must swing his bridge if he is to harness the river. The aviator must spread his wings if he is to search the sky. The financier must make his investment if he is to find his fortune. The Christian must prepare the way if the Living God is to appear.

"Old-Fashioned Religion"

What does this preparation involve? On every hand we hear people say, "We need a revival of old-fashioned religion." I am sure they are right but I am not sure they know what they mean. An old-fashioned revival means moral housecleaning. It has always meant that and I am not sure that is what the people want. There were people long ago who thought they wanted a revival of old-fashioned religion and to them the prophet spoke: "Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord! to what end is it for you? the day of the Lord is darkness, and not light. As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him. Shall not the day of the Lord be darkness, and not light? even very dark, and no brightness in it?" Old-fashioned religion means just what this evangelical prophet is talking about. These great metaphors that speak of mountains and valleys and crooked places can have no other than a moral meaning. The prophet is thinking of valleys of deceit and indifference where dark doubts breed, of mountains where prejudices and ignorance lurk like bandits, or crooked places where inconsistency and hypocrisy flourish. These are the barriers that hinder the coming of the Living God.

The task of preparation is difficult. It is not easy to throw up a highway for the Living God when injustice and inhumanity and hypocrisy hold high carnival. Every church faces these hindering barriers. Every missionary comes to a dead stop because of them. In the life of Aggrey of Africa it is all put into one poignant paragraph. He had gone back to his old home in West Africa and there he had seen humanity exploited—a terrible, horrifying picture. After his heart had been torn by what he had seen he goes on to tell how he stood up to address those same people in the church. "I talked patience, domestic virtue, simple honesty and thrift. Then I remembered what I had seen on the road the day before. . . . Then my voice began to quiver. Something was choking me. O heavens! Shall I preach of bravery, of standing for their rights? That were sheer madness, sin, criminal in me, for that at present means death and the swift hastening of the studied work of utter extermination of my people, which is already proceeding here and will continue unless Jehovah steps in, unless civilization cries, Stop! I talked about our two greatest friends, God—and the missionaries. Then I talked of heaven and the streets of gold. . . . They seemed encouraged, both the natives and the missionaries, and they sang with meaning and faith, 'God will take care of you'."

The Church's Task

We have all felt like that and have been on the threshold of closing the doors of the church until the things that are wrong have been made right. But Aggrey was right. He was right, as Jesus was right in dealing with the slavery, the corruption, the social immorality of his day. He was right as the Crusaders were wrong. Think of that crusading church of the middle ages with its heart hot against the iniquity entrenched in the Holy City, moving out in a military parade to capture the holy sepulcher with a sword. That was one of the darkest hours of Christianity. It is easy to turn political reformer, but the coming of the Living God is not made contingent upon the purification of politics but on the purification of the church. It is to his people God promises to come. The mountains of bigotry and ignorance, the valleys of indecision and apathy, the crooked places of controversy and insincerity are within the church. Let the church get rid of its secular spirit and then it can challenge a secular society. Francis of Assisi did not need to argue against secularism. His life condemned it. Let Christians practice meekness and lowliness of heart, and secularism out in the world will be put to shame. Let the church solve the problem of good will within its own fellowship and then it will speak with authority concerning social and racial rivalries. If Christians fails to find fellowship at the holy communion—the true social center of the church—why should the world wonder at the failure of nations to reach a reconciling agreement? Let the church find and maintain the secret of peace within its own fellowship and then it can speak with authority on the cruel waste of war. The social order of the first century

did not grow out of Roman politics but out of the Christian church. It was inside the church that the problem of slavery found its solution. It was within the fellowship of the church that secularism was confounded. It was at the communion table that rich and poor, bond and free, black and white, male and female found each other to be friends in Christ. Into that fellowship were built the folk of alien and rival creeds. Into it were built profane fishermen, revolutionists, grafters, politicians, slaves, Ethiopians, Samaritans, a nameless woman of the street, a thief dying on a cross.

Is it possible that, after all, the real reason why we do not have a spiritual revival is because we do not want it? Oh yes, we want a spiritual awakening but may it not be possible that we want religion but not righteousness, mysticism but not morality, ecstasy but not ethics, spirituality but not sacrifice, sentiment but not justice? We love our dear old mountains. We enjoy our friendly valleys. We are captivated with the windings of our crooked places. We know how to get around the rough spots. We prefer to keep our prejudices. We baptize them into sacred convictions. We do not want our easygoing attitudes to be disturbed. We want peace. We are not in a mood to give up the winding and crooked ways of our ecclesiasticism. We demand loyalty. We glory in the roughness of our individualism. We cling to our prestige and our privileges. We are unwilling to surrender our rights or our traditions. Can it be possible? Can it be possible that we are hindering his coming? We remember that it was said of Jesus, "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." Emerson said, "If you lay a straw parallel with the Gulf stream the Gulf stream will flow through it," and if we lay the will and mind and purpose of the church parallel with the will of God, then the very life and power of God will flow through the church for the healing of the world. Such a church will not reflect but challenge the conscience of the world. It will not justify the world's morality but sit in judgment upon it. Its prayer will always be, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

III

Now we are ready for the triumphal entry. If we prepare the way, God will come. But that is not all. God is not the only one who will come. The nations will come. "The glory of the Lord will be revealed and all flesh shall see it together." You see, there is a touch of the Calvinist about the prophet. *We* are to do it. Everything depends on us. We must prepare the way. Yes, but when God comes he will do it. When God in his glory appears, all flesh shall see his salvation. He will take the initiative. We will do the work but it will be God himself who will work in us. That is the paradox. It is the paradox of faith. It is the paradox of experience.

We will get nowhere with our missionary programs and our evangelistic movements until the church itself becomes the instrument of God's revealing power. It is through his presence in his people that salvation will be revealed. The electric current passes into radiancy only through the filament of the incandescent lamp. It is the alluring radiancy of the church by which the world is drawn into fellowship with God. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men." The world cannot be compelled. It cannot be driven. It cannot be legislated or organized into the kingdom. It must be won. It must be attracted by a glorious church—not a rich church, not a big church, but a glorious church. The church is like leaven, like seed, hidden away in the deep, deep silences. We do our best work for the world within the church. We do most for the social order through our Christian fellowship. We extend our influence when we limit it. Why should we forsake certainty for supposition, reality for an hypothesis? There is no other name, no other gospel, no other tree of life, save the cross of Christ. Speaking out of social conditions that overwhelmed and silenced him, Dr. A. C. Good, our pioneer missionary to Africa, said in his loneliness: "Of one thing I am certain, there is no remedy but God's great remedy for sin and that this will avail I have been already privileged to see." It is by following this light that we will come into our new day of grace."

Like Church, Like Civilization

This is God's way. It is the way of Jesus. It is the way of the cross. Jesus felt the shame, the cruelty, the poverty, the injustice, the inhumanity, the sin, of his age more clearly, more keenly than we can ever feel the wrongs that encompass us. Turn to the gospel record and read. In one short paragraph the evangelist gives us his secret. It is a most dramatic scene. Let us read: "When Jesus drew nigh he saw the city and wept over it." Now read on a verse or two. "And he entered into the temple and began to cast out them that sold, saying unto them, it is written, And my house shall be a house of prayer but ye have made it a den of thieves." Do not miss the inference. Jesus saw the city and wept over it. Then he went forth and cleansed the church. If the church had not been commercialized the city would not have been corrupt. That is the message of history. Like church, like city. Like church, like civilization. When the nation has been corrupt, the church has been asleep. Follow the argument of our Lord as it is beaten out in his intercessory prayer. "I pray for them that they may all be one—*that the world may believe.*" Note the sequence, "that the world may believe." Let us read on. "I in them and thou in me, *that the world may know.*" There it is again. "That the world may know." That is the way the mind of Jesus moves. He concentrates on the church in order to capture the world. He fires the hearts of his followers in order that the altars of the world may be lighted from that living flame.

Do we want the Living God? Do we want an evangelistic and missionary forward movement? Do we want wealth consecrated to the purposes of the kingdom? De we want to see America and India and Russia turn to Christ? Then let us move out in the path of his will. Let us present to the world a trans-

parently pure fellowship through which the glory of God may shine. Let us restore the lost radiancy of the Christian religion. Let us concentrate first upon ourselves. Let us as Christians, in the words of Dr. Glover, "Out-think, and out-die, and out-live" the world about us and then the Lord whom we seek will suddenly come not only to his temple, but to the world he loved and for which he died.

I can put it all in a sentence. A little lad who had visited the great cathedrals of Europe and had seen the saints resplendent in glorious glass, defined a saint as "A person who lets the light come through." A little lad can beat the best of theologians. "A saint is a person who lets the light come through," and a church is a fellowship that lets the divine radiance come through. God pity us, if, in a day like this, we turn back the light of the glory of God that shines in the face of Jesus Christ!

If "Thy Kingdom Come"

By M. Ashby Jones

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Matthew 6:10.

THE past twenty-five years have witnessed a change of emphasis in interpreting the teachings of Christ, from individual salvation to social salvation. Rather than emphasizing the individual's relationship to God, it has placed its emphasis upon men's relationship to each other. It came about from a discovery of Jesus' teaching of the kingdom of heaven, and his prayer for the coming of that kingdom upon earth. It might be called the revival of human sympathies, finding expression in a Christlike, intelligent, interest in social conditions under which men are living. It has placed the emphasis upon the brotherhood of men, and while assuming the fatherhood of God, has tended to soften the emphasis placed upon that doctrine. It has unquestionably vitalized the activities of our churches, and given the Christ sanction to countless enterprises for the betterment of social conditions. Despite all the gains, and they cannot be overestimated, there has crept into the consciousness of many a sense of loss—perhaps an undefined consciousness of dissatisfaction, which misses something which we used to call "personal religion." It is from this standpoint I would suggest this morning an examination of the Christ teaching of the kingdom of heaven. I do not mean for a moment that within the limits of our conference together this morning, such a study could be made, but only that we might suggest the approach.

It is often said, and I think rightly, that the kingdom of heaven on earth would mean an ideal social condition. But the moment we use the phrase, we are tempted to think in social forms to fit our conceptions —we are tempted to fashion utopias, as sanctioned by Jesus. So it is well at the very beginning to remember that the kingdom as taught by Jesus had no form whatsoever, but was purely a spiritual relationship. In contrast to earthly governments and institutions, we need not expect to recognize it by its physical form. There is to be no "lo here and lo there," for the kingdom is within us. That does not mean that the spiritual shall not find expression in form. "The word," in order to

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become effective, "became flesh and dwelt among us," and every idea which is to become potent in the life of men must find its Bethlehem. But it does mean that the spiritual is not dependent upon any form, and is not to be identified with any form, political, social, or ecclesiastical. I mean that we cannot say that here is the kingdom of God, because as an organization or an institution, it conforms to some preconceived standards, or fulfills some preconceived plans and specifications which we have had for the kingdom of heaven.

Sonship and Brotherhood

The essence then of the kingdom of heaven is to be found, not in social forms, but in the relationship of those who compose it. It is composed of those who are conscious of their sonship to God, and brotherhood to all men. Thus it becomes a society of spiritual relations, with a close analogy to the family. Simply put, it would mean men living on earth within the jurisdiction of an earthly state, but in their attitude and bearing toward one another, conscious of the relationship of brothers. So we turn to Jesus himself and ask what

was his relation to men. How did they live in his consciousness?

The value of a human life was the keynote of Jesus' teaching. Indeed this was the motive of his mission, and the only standpoint from which we can understand his life. The cross itself, whatever else may be said about it, was the climax of his argument, that the priceless thing in all the universe is a human life. He talked about things in terms of humanity, using them as but meager measures to arrive at the value of human life. The lilies of the field, the birds of the air, were mentioned simply to illustrate something of this worth. Leaven expressed its permeating power, and seed showed its marvelous capacity for growth. Wherever he touched the world of *things* it was but to throw into clear relief the significance of the world of *thought.* It has been said that Jesus discounted wealth, was the friend of poverty, and expressed his disapprobation of the accumulation of property. But his sayings on this subject cannot be understood until we see that he was talking about wealth in comparison with the value of life. "All these things your Heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of," said he with emphasis, but his point is clear and unmistakable—"these things are to be added to life, and not life to these things." Let it forever be understood, Jesus' severe condemnation of riches was meted out when riches was to be the purchase price of a person. Then he threw down the gauntlet to the whole material universe. "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his life?"

Religion and Human Welfare

From this standpoint he was equally severe in his condemnation of religion. Whenever the issue is between a religious observance and the welfare of a human life, let the religious observance perish. Which is better, he asked one day with stinging satire, to keep a religious law or do good to a man? The religious system is made for man and not man for the religious system, is the teaching of Jesus. Well may we pause here and place our emphasis upon a great principle. Whenever the spire of church or temple rears itself between men and the sunlight of God's smile, to cast its shadow upon human hearts, its divine mission is at an end, and it had better be razed to the ground.

However, let it be quickly added that this value which Jesus placed upon human life is a potential value —not what a man is, but what a man may become. He was no dreamer. No man ever saw with such undimmed vision the depth of degradation to which a human life may descend. But no man ever saw with such clear faith the height to which that life might attain. Beneath the debris of protested promises and the wreckage of broken resolutions, Jesus saw, traced with the divine finger, the outline of the life that could be. He viewed men as incomplete. "Something is lost, and I must find it," was the bugle call of his soul, which summoned him to his splendid mission. It is your gospel, too—and mine—that to gain a whole world will not compensate for the debasement of one personality. Our chief protest is not against wealth, save when wealth becomes the purchase price of human hope and human opportunity. And we have no war with existing institutions, save when these institutions cast their somber shadows across the lives of humanity. We find that human life is incomplete. The value of the delinquent, the dependent, and the defective, is to be found not in what he is, but in what he may be. And the pathos of their appeal to us today is, that "something is lost," and the urge to our conscience, constant in its call, is, "I must find it."

But to find it takes the faith of a Jesus. There must be that clear vision of the man that may be. To look fairly into the face of human weakness and wickedness, with all its horrid reality of what is, and have no vision of what may be, is deadening to every effort. One can not work with despair in his heart and defeat in his blood. I do believe that before any man can become a helper of his fellow man, he must in some way dream Jacob's dream. He too must see within his soul a ladder tiptoeing from earth to heaven, and the commerce of ascending and descending angels. And he must understand the lesson of the ladder: that which links earth and heaven is the length of a man. Ascending angels are the aspirations of a human life, and descending angels are the inspirations of the divine life. And any man may be that link.

The Kingdom of God

But what is that potential value which Jesus sees in a human life? I answer at once—it is a social value. It is the value of a man revealed in the life of another man. The constant theme of his preaching was the coming of the kingdom of God on earth. That kingdom was to be an ideal social condition on earth. In it, man is to be of the first value, and ministering to the welfare of man its highest service. It is to be a society of brothers, and its life shall be an expression of mutual love. The final test of the worth of a man is to be determined by his fulfillment of that relationship. Religious shibboleths cannot be substituted for service. Many will say, "Lord, Lord," only to hear, "I never knew you." Nor will religious observances take its place. For even if one is at the foot of the altar, with his gift all ready for the sacrifice, and remembers he has failed in an obligation to his brother, let him leave his gift at the altar and go right the wrong he has committed, or meet the duty he has shirked. No altar, teaches Jesus, must stand between two men. Indeed, the human heart is the altar upon which we must make our most acceptable offerings unto God. But Jesus goes even further. Service to man is identified with service to God. In that parable setting forth the standard for the final judgment, he says that if a man owes anything to God and will pay it to a man, it will be counted as paid to God. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these least of my brethren, ye did it unto me." And on the other hand a debt to a fellow man is a debt to God. "Inasmuch as ye did not unto one of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me." In a word, the character of a man in the kingdom of heaven is judged by the manner in which a man meets the requirements of his relation to his fellow man.

A study of this teaching of Jesus shows it to be not only reasonable but inevitable. Try as you may, you

will find it impossible to state the worth of a man in any other terms than those of his relations to other men. A man lives in our thought as father, son, neighbor, citizen, debtor or creditor, and his personality grows as these relationships multiply. And according as he fails or fulfills the obligations which accompany these relations, we rightly appraise his value.

The distinction between private and social virtues is a fictitious one. In their last analysis, all virtues are social. They imply either the fulfillment or the desire to fulfill some duty to another. Obedience, justice, honesty, courtesy, kindness, love, would have no meaning save for the thought of more than one person. So every incomplete man is incomplete socially. He has failed to properly relate himself to other men. Every sin is a social sin; the failure to meet an obligation to another. That lost man we are seeking is lost to society—to the family, the community, the state. The task, in its last analysis, is one of adjustment. The incomplete man is to be completed by properly relating him to other men. He can not live to himself, for that would mean that he must die to his real self. Indeed, to the extent that he lives alone, he fails in being a man. Alone he is but a prophecy which must be fulfilled in others. He must find himself in others. His destiny is social. He is predestined to be conformed unto the image of the Son of Man, who throbbed with the consciousness of universal brotherhood.

The Method of Jesus

How shall a man be brought into the right relation with his fellows? Jesus' first anxiety seemed ever to be to arouse a man to a consciousness of his own worth. No man ever had such faith in the possibility of human life, and no one ever strove so earnestly to elicit that same faith in men. The man must believe in himself. To prove the academic theory of the brotherhood of man is not sufficient. The task is not to prove something, but to create something. To create the consciousness of who man is, and thus of what he may become. That was a tremendous figure of speech which Jesus used in his conversation with Nicodemus that night. Before you can enter this ideal social state, this kingdom of heaven, "ye must be born anew." There is life before birth, but no conscious life. So there is brotherhood before there is consciousness of this relation. Think of a man who has all his life viewed other men as employers, hands, customers, or voters, and has dealt with them from this standpoint. Now through some experience, I care not what it is, they come to live in his consciousness as brothers. There is no other phrase which will express this experience, but

A Pastoral Prayer

By Albert W. Palmer

WE COME to Thee, Our Father, in the joy and glory of the Spring. Blossoming trees and awakening flowers are all about us. The birds have come back to build their nests and sing their songs, not only in the leafy branches of the trees but in our hearts as well. And we, who also are Thy children and not apart from this awakening world of nature, we too would come to Thee and find our lives in tune with all Thy love and beauty. We would obey the laws of our being as loyally as the trees obey the mysterious impulses which bid them put on their glorious garments of green; and we would make our lives and daily deeds accord with the eternal music of Thy purposes no less than the wood-thrush in the woods and the meadow-lark beside the road.

We thank Thee for the privilege of living in a great creative age of human history. We believe there is a nobler civilization of human brotherhood awaiting us and obtainable to this generation if we but have faith and press onward to the goal. Thou hast made us sensitive to the evils of our day. We have revolted against the devastating waste of war, the cruelty of industrial oppression, the stupid blindness of race prejudice, the futility of alcohol, and the selfish folly of national aggression. Our hearts are bowed in sorrow as we remember cities corrupt and contented, children in crowded streets with no place to play, prisoners shut up behind bars but with no adequate help for overcoming the past evil in their lives or building a fairer future. Especially do we remember with contrition and humility the wreckage of homes and human lives through unemployment and our failure so to organize our common toil as to protect the aged and the out-of-work.

Now that we have seen these things and know their evil, give us also to see the vision of what might be if only men would put on the garments of human brotherhood and high good will as all the earth has now put on the garments of the Spring. Bring us, we pray Thee, to a springtime of justice from man to man, of concern for the welfare of the weakest—the child, the prisoner, the unemployed—and of a new awakening spirit of worldwide sympathetic understanding through which we shall see beyond armies and navies, tariff walls and provincial boundaries, to the great human family and its common tasks and problems. Make us one with Gandhi and Kagawa. Touch us with the spirit of Dr. Grenfell and Albert Schweitzer. Lead us along the city streets with Jane Addams and Graham Taylor. Conduct us to some mountain top where we shall see Jesus and see Him only!

To this end we invoke Thy especial blessing and guidance upon youth and upon all schools and colleges as in this month of June they come to the high-tide of the year, and send their students out to build the better world. Through Christ, our Lord, we ask it. Amen.

that he has been born again. He is a new creation and has entered into a new world.

For we must emphasize it until it becomes an axiom of our reasoning, that man lives where he thinks. He is what he thinks. His world is circled by the circumference of his consciousness. To him, all that is without, is as if it were not. Only that which is within is real. The problem then is not one of transportation, but of transformation. To carry a man from some East Side to a Fifth Avenue, or from an earth to a heaven beyond the stars, is of little value. If you haven't changed the man within, you haven't changed the man. It is what is within, and not what is without that really counts. That the two bear a vital relation must be constantly remembered. But changing one's physical environment must never be the end, only a means toward the end. The end is that the man shall become a conscious participator in the world of privileges and responsibilities around him. This is to enter the kingdom, and to do this, in some way, he must be born again. So much of physical environment as is an obstacle to the growth of that consciousness must be removed, and such things as will be conducive to its growth added. Let it be remembered, we can put nothing into a man, but only elicit and develop that which is sleeping within him. To that end let us remove the abnormal growth upon the skull, or the abnormal growth upon the street. And whether it be the planting of a flower garden or a kindergarten, let us beckon with winsome beauty to the half awakened spirit to come out into a larger world. Come! and we will give you life, and give it more abundantly.

Society and the Individual

Now I would not have you view society itself as some perfect organism needing only the adjustment of some individuals to its unity. Society, too, is incomplete. It is incomplete so long as there is one incomplete individual. Just as the individual must find himself in society, so must society find itself in the individual. Society also must have its new birth, coming into consciousness of its kinship to every man. Not in the greatest good to the greatest number shall it realize its destiny, but in service to the least of its brethren shall it find its own highest welfare. To reach this ideal it must throw its protecting arms around the weak and helpless of every description, while it threatens with the depth of the sea every form of greedy individualism, which would place stumbling blocks in the pathway of its children in their progress toward the light. The dawn of that day is already kissing the night into morning. The smile of that face is making bright the horizon of tomorrow. Its prophesy is the prayer in myriad earnest hearts, "thy kingdom come, they will be done on earth."

In the prosecution of our task we must be careful not to identify our principle with any form of government or any code of conduct, no matter how earnestly we may seek to realize it through any of these forms. Society is greater than government, and circles all conduct. Society is a common consciousness, and our ideal society the consciousness of universal kinship. Where are we to look for this social consciousness which is to make a universal brotherhood? Is it not of supreme significance that he who, of all men, was so perfectly conscious of his brotherhood to all men, was so absolutely sure of his sonship to God? Is there not a vital connection between "Our Father who art in heaven," and "thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth?" There is a tremendous "cash value" in a prayer on the mountain side, when the petitioner is welcomed by the multitude in the valley, the lame leap and the paralytics praise.

The consciousness of who I am determines for me who you are, and thus my attitude toward you. It was a primary instinct which dictated the primary question in our catechisms, "Who made you?" The answer was, "God." But the answer did not go far enough. "What God?" is the crucial question. Harnack truly interprets, "The man who can say 'My Father' to the Being who made heaven and earth, is thereby raised above heaven and earth, and himself has a value which is greater than all the fabric of the world." If consciousness of sonship to God will produce a Jesus, is not that consciousness the supreme need of men, and that revelation the supreme revelation which has been made to men?

Sonship to God

But practical workers will ask, how is that revelation to be made to men? I ask in reply, how *was* it made to men? How did that which we call civilization come to know God not as avenger, but as Father? It was this Jesus of Nazareth who made a two-fold revelation to the world. In his life he revealed the divine definition of a man, and in doing so he became the human definition of God. That divine definition of manhood was, one who lived his absolute assurance of sonship to God. But the very consciousness of that love of the Father within him shed its radiant smile into the lives of men, and they came to know the Father because they knew the Son. Men first became conscious of kinship to Jesus, and then of their kinship to the Father within him. Truly he was "the way" to God. Is not this to be our method also? Go live that sonship of yours into life, and with the throb of your brother-love will go the revelation of your Father's presence. Men shall come to know your Father because they know his Son. Every man carries his God with him, whether he will or not. He works for that which he worships, and that which he worships, be it true or false, gets itself worked out into his life. When he goes to do the work of his God, lo! he is with him even unto the end of his task. He shines in the expression of the face, thrills in the nerves of the touch, and vibrates in the tones of the voice. It is not the man who speaks the words, or doeth the works, but his God within him.

As the tide on a crescent sea-beach, when the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings come welling and surging in;
Come from the mystic ocean, whose rim no foot hath trod;
Some call it inspiration, but others call it God.

The Alibi of Chance

By William I. Jones

I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf. *Exodus* 32:24.

THE children of Israel, under the leadership of Moses, had escaped from bondage in Egypt, and were en route to the Promised Land. They encamped at the foot of Mt. Sinai, while their prophet leader was on the mountain top, from which he was to bring the laws that were to govern their national and religious life. Moses was gone for a long time. Finally the people became impatient at delay and prevailed upon Aaron to provide some immediate means for religious observance and expression, so that they might feel their importance as a people. Aaron complied. A calf image was made of gold, in imitation of Egyptian religious ceremonies. Before this image the people gathered to sing and to dance and to worship. To these primitive people, just out of slavery, religion was a means for the expression of their fear of the unknown. It was also, and perhaps more so, a medium of social fellowship and of joyous expression to which they gave themselves in complete abandon with emotional fullness and freedom.

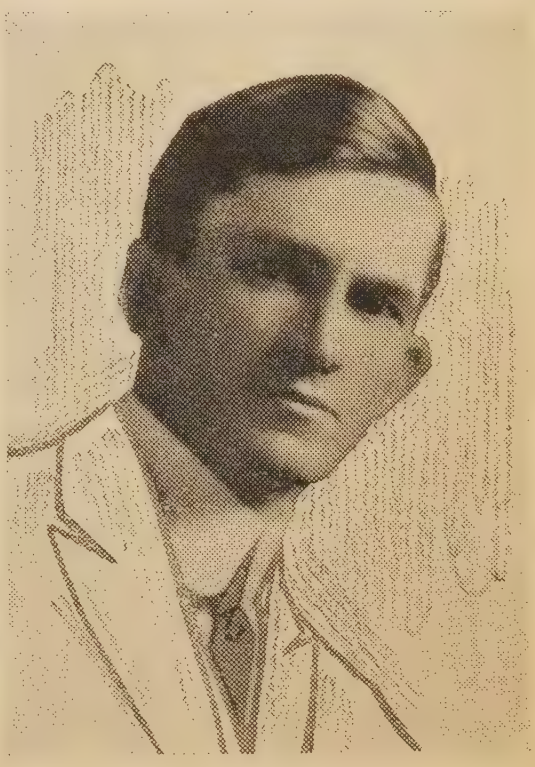
While the people were in the midst of the hilarious festivities about their pagan idol, Moses returned. Great was his dismay and wrath at this action of the people whom he was seeking to lead into a more spiritual and ethical form of religion. His anger burst forth. He dispersed the people, and calling Aaron to task for what he had done, asked him for an explanation. Aaron said: "Thou knowest the people, that they are set on evil. For they said unto me, Make us gods which shall go before us; for as for this Moses . . . we know not what has become of him. And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off; so they gave it me; and I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf."

"There came out this calf!" What an alibi of chance! What an excuse for failure! What a story to tell! Did anyone ever hear of throwing pieces of gold into a furnace and having the fire fuse the gold into a mass, and then have the furnace shape it into a calf-like form, and throw it out? It is not surprising that the sacred record does not tell us what Moses thought of Aaron's alibi. It was really altogether too ridiculous for Moses to give it any attention. We are giving it attention today, however, because Aaron has many modern followers in offering alibis.

Why This Failure

There are still those who, like Aaron, try to explain failures that grow out of natural causes—their own weak leadership or the willfulness of the people—as being due to mere chance or ill luck. The alibi of chance, I say, still affords many a person an explanation for his failure. Why this failure? Why this lowering of ideals? Why this weakness of character? Why this unsteady facing of life's issues and demands? Just because everything is ordered by chance. Efforts and plans, programs and ideals, standards and attainments are all futile in the face of life's accidents.

Here, for example, is a student who may or may not burn the midnight mazda. This student may throw into the furnace of the future hours of study or hours of loafing. In may go his own notebook or that of his roommate. In may go his own honest answers to examination questions or the contributions of a crib. And finally, at the end of the term there comes out this grade. Is the grade a golden calf? The student



William I. Jones

echoes Aaron and says: "I am not to blame if my grade is unworthy. And my fellow student with a high mark is not to be credited, either. We each put in what we had to give and the result was determined by chance, by luck, by fate, or by the bias of some teacher." So runs the argument of those who ply the alibi of chance. Their slogan is: "What's the use? Why try?" They ask: "Why be honest? All life is a hit-or-miss affair and fate brings some of us out all right, if it is intended that it should—and if not, why, who can help it?" Just as the boys in the trenches used to say: "If that shell has my number, it will get me; if it doesn't have my number, I am safe." The result of this attitude is that many are saying, "Let's do today just what we want to do. Tomorrow will be another day."

Those who profess this alibi-of-chance attitude say that things just happen. There is no law, no certainty, no cause, no effect. Things just happen. Somewhat akin to those who overwork the alibi of chance are

those who worship at the shrine of fate. The fatalists say: "No. Things do not just happen, but everything that happens has been determined in advance by all that happened long ago or by fate; and we poor puny human beings never can tell what is going to happen next. We can never control causes or results. So far as we are concerned, chance rules and accidents determine; so why keep on trying in the face of defeat? We put in a bit of gold or a bit of dross, and there comes out this calf."

This modern alibi of fatalism is one of the deadliest and most damaging heresies of the day. Success, character, a worthwhile and honorable life, cannot be built upon the foundations of such a creed. We need only to step into our science laboratories, or open up once again our textbooks of history, to learn that the world in which we live is not built that way. There are always causes—causes and "becauses"—for every event in laboratory and history, and in our daily lives as well.

Cause and Effect in Nature and History

If chance ruled the natural world, we could never run trains. For one day the tracks and bridges would all be there, and the next day gone, and the third day back again—but with all the stations missing! Train schedules and transportation realities are built in a world of cause and effect, of laws whose operations we can observe, and in obedience to which we can obtain dependable results. If chance ruled the natural world, we could never quench thirst or satisfy hunger. For one day certain chemical elements combined would make food and drink, and the next day the same chemical combinations would be poisons destructive to life. If chance ruled in history, there would be no Abraham Lincoln to save a nation at the hour of crisis and no Woodrow Wilson to voice the ideals of the people at a time of world disaster. Our hope for a peaceful, united world rests on the reality of cause and effect in history as well as in nature. In our laboratories and in our histories we see that the alibi of chance is only an alibi and not real evidence to prove anything. We find that things do not happen, but always men are making them happen. In Denver, at each street crossing in the busy shopping district, are signs to warn pedestrians against traffic accidents. One of these signs reads: "Accidents do not happen. Careless people make them happen."

That is true. Robert Ingersoll once entered the observatory of an astronomer and there noted a miniature model of the solar system—little globes to represent the earth, the sun, the moon and the stars, and each revolving in the model as in nature. Ingersoll, looking at it, turned to the astronomer and asked: "Who made this ingenious device?" And the astronomer, knowing Ingersoll's answer to the same question as applied to the universe itself, said: "Why, nobody made it. It just happened by chance." So he who, Aaron-like, would blame his failure, his sin and shame, upon the alibi of chance is just as foolish as the astronomer made Ingersoll appear, who thought that the starry heavens, in all their uniformity and intricate interdependence, were creatures of chance.

Everything, everywhere, is under the sway of universal law, and the same rule of cause and effect that holds so steadily in the physical world holds as unerringly—though perhaps not so clearly seen—in the personal, the moral and the spiritual world. Take, for example, the common matter of honesty. You may have the attitude of the fatalist toward this, if you wish, and say: "I'll be honest and truthful or I'll be dishonest and untruthful, just as it suits me. I will be governed by feelings and chance. I will take the risks of being caught when I am in the wrong. If I am lucky I will get by more often than not." I say you may take that attitude toward honesty, but if you do, you will be driving the car of your life smash against the moral law. This moral law, in favor of honesty and against dishonesty, is just as inviolate as the law of gravitation. There is no chance and no fate about it. It is a clear case of cause and effect. The one who, indifferent to the physical law of gravity, drives off a cliff, does not break the law of gravity—but he does break his bones on the rocks below. The one who, indifferent to the moral law of honesty, lies and steals, freely helps himself to the property of others and voids contracts, does not break a commandment, but he breaks himself. He spoils his own character. He mars his own inner self. He disintegrates his own personality. He weakens his power to face life's realities and to make life worthwhile.

Honesty Not a Policy

In George Washington's copybook was inscribed this maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." But the fact is, honesty is no policy at all. Honesty is a virtue. Beware of the man with whom honesty is only a policy. For I am always very much afraid that he who is honest through policy only, will some day believe it to be good policy to be dishonest. Honesty is a virtue, constituted so, not by chance or fate, not even by the arbitrary say-so of a reward-dispensing deity, but by the very nature of the moral personality of both God and man. The really honest person will cling to that virtue, cost what it may, despite all possible temptations to be dishonest for policy or profit's sake. His sanction for honesty will not be his partial view of the outward events of life, but his inner consciousness of what ought to be.

If one lives according to the alibi of chance, or is governed by a sense of fatalism, to be dishonest at times is as reasonable and as practical as to be honest. If one is merely betting that it is better to be good than bad, he will be tempted to hedge at opportunity, and to throw his bets, once in awhile at least, on the side of the bad rather than the good. But to one living under the universal sway of law, governed by a sense of purpose, to be dishonest at any time, whatever the profits may be, is foolish and wrong.

When Jesus said that not one sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of God, and that all the hairs of the head are numbered, he was but giving some detailed examples of the universal principle that the world is purposeful. Plan, not chance, characterizes the universe. We put ourselves in tune with God's purpose and plan by obedience to law at every point.

And as surely as we tune our radio sets, built according to the law of radio operations, and thus receive messages from the distant station with which we are in tune, so surely will man, tuned in with the Infinite, receive power to live a more abundant life.

Are you looking for adventure? Are you eager to express yourself in joyous freedom and happy fellowship? Are you in quest of the best? Are you seeking for the truth? Do you wish to worship God? If so, then I commend you to the leadership of One who came to draw aside the curtains of the eternal that he might show man a purposeful power everywhere at work. And Jesus not only shows man the heart of a purposeful God, but he calls every man to the fulfilling of his own purpose by an unswerving dedication of himself to the doing of all things according to law, for the purpose of building within himself, and in the world's life, character and personality, joyous, worthwhile and growing.

Finding the Focus of Life

By Allen A. Hunter

For whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall save it. Mark 8:35.

THERE is one thing that you want, really want. What is that thing? A million dollars? "Why, a million dollars would only lead me around by the nose!" you reply. Comfort and attention, warm blankets, the center of the spotlight? That's what Little Betsy demanded nearly all one night when she was one and a half years old. "No," you unhesitatingly interrupt, "that's not quite what I'm after."

To be magnetic? To have power over hosts of people? That's closer, until there flashes into memory the ridiculous picture of the world's most famous power-seeker glaring, "I want to leave a mark on my era, a mark like this"—and Mussolini, as if he were one of his pet lions, with petulant finger nails scratches the covering of an office chair from end to end.

What is it then that the real you is looking for? A profound satisfaction that had better not be suppressed. Your inmost being longs to cry out as did a youth of Oxford—

> Now, God be thanked who matched us with his hour,
> And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
> With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
> To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping.

Does your personality seem to be an almost forgotten message torn into small disconnected bits like confetti blown every which way by the wind? You would rather have those fragments brought together to make sense, to say something worth saying. Do you sometimes feel as if you were darting over here and flashing over there without any unified meaning, without coherence at all? You crave more than all else in the world to have these scattered glints of yourself focused into a single blazing point that shall burn right through externals into reality.

But what you really want to know is, How can I *find* this focus of life? How may I come to myself?

The Wisest of All Words

Perhaps there is a clue from the sifted experience of the race. Out of the past one thousand nine hundred years a young Jew speaks directly to each one of us in terms strangely contemporary. It may be that these words of his are the wisest ever to escape the lips of man: "Anyone who aims to preserve his life will lose his own soul, but anyone who gives his life to the cause of the gospel will find himself."

That saying, thus freshly translated by Professor Goodspeed, is said to be the best authenticated, the most thoroughly established, of any word of Jesus. In effect it is stated six times: once in Mark, twice in Luke, twice in Matthew, once in John. Not only is this saying repeated oftener than any other, but it is central. It comes perhaps as near to the essence of what Jesus sought to say to men as any sentence that sang from his heart.

Throw your entire self, your total personality into the cause. This world is made for adventure. Seek not safety first, but personality. Take chances on the highest you see and you will feel yourself no longer disconnected, incoherent, wandering, lost. Hazard everything. But let that cause be the highest there is.

The loyalty has to be bigger even than loyalty to any nation. Early in August, 1914, a man with a Scotch conscience stood up in the British parliament, to say approximately this: "You have just listened to a speech by Lord Grey that no doubt will go ringing down the corridors of time. But this war is wrong. I can do not other than stand against it." For four years and more everything seemed to be against that honest Scot. There were times when he was treated as a traitor. Friends took for granted that his political career was forever ruined by such a seemingly foolhardy act. But Ramsay MacDonald, now prime minister of England, was only finding himself.

The thing that makes you sacred is your weird power to choose either the highest cause or the lowest escape. You have it in you to be a candidate for perfection, what Jesus would call a child of God.

The Secret of Kagawa

In these days when so many of our magazine writers are suffering from the cleverness that kills wisdom, when the only conventional gesture toward the heavens is throwing up the sponge, it is well to turn our eyes to another kind of person. One Christmas eve a young Japanese rented a room six feet by nine feet in one of the worst slums in the world. The outcasts of society were there—the kind of folk that Jesus was always seeking out as if they could belong to his cause. Before long there were four disreputable men living with

him in the tiny room. All he had was $7.50 a month. He bought the cheapest rice so that there would be enough to go around. He went without his noon meal. One of his guests committed murder and went to jail. When the convict got out he came and lived with his young friend. Later the convict asked for money to get drunk. It was refused. In reply he knocked his host's teeth out. But the young man would not strike back. He only smiled. Once he was clapped into prison for leading a strike of dockyard laborers whom he organized so that they could have a living wage. Months ago the municipality of Tokyo employed him to direct its social service bureau. He took on the job with these humorous stipulations: "First you must obey me and second you must give me no salary. I can't have any strings." And the name of Kagawa is spreading over the world not just because of his books, which are best sellers in Japan, nor because he is the greatest single force in the far east opposing the violence of communism with something bigger, but because he is a revealer of the "Experiencing Power in the Universe." In his last book he releases one secret of his harmonized life: "God reveals himself to me only when I will to love."

If your education is giving you "listenitis" and inhibiting your real self and subduing you to fragments so that you do not feel growing within you the will to love—look out! If your light becomes darkness, how great is that darkness. My ethics professor, Dr. George Herbert Palmer, used to say that happiness is clear, vigorous, continuous thinking. Perhaps! if the thinking is correlated with all of yourself and with a worthwhile purpose. But suppose one just intellectualizes? The intellect that measures and speculates is only a part of your personality. You cannot get at the whole of reality with the restricted part of yourself called intellect, no matter how indispensable it is, no matter if you do comprehend Einstein's theory. The only way you can get at the rightness of reality is with the whole of your undivided self. You become one with yourself only as you try to become one with the spirit of the whole universe. "Salvation," said Clutton-Brock, "is seeing that the universe is good and becoming a part of that goodness."

Where to Begin

"I'd like," perhaps you impatiently protest, "I'd like to see something big enough to take me out of myself. I'd like to be pure of heart, single minded, so that I could recognize God. I'd like to have a purpose into which to pour all of my self. But it's all mighty confusing. I can't figure out where to begin."

Where to begin? Maybe the first step is not difficult to understand, only difficult to undertake.

> No one could tell me where my soul might be,
> I searched for God but God eluded me.
> I sought my brother out and found all three.

Kagawa found his soul by forgetting that he belonged to the upper class and identifying himself with those who lacked what he had. Is there no one around you who needs your vision just as much as you need his?

Your job is to recognize and respond to relationships. If there is wheat rotting in the granaries of our country, while children press their stomachs upon the hard ground of China to crush the pangs of starvation, you have to throw yourself into the cause of a juster distribution of the means of life. Who knows but what the right poem is not yet written, the releasing political program not yet brought to pass? If our newspapers are educating people to tolerate a tariff that constricts the circulation of the world's goods like a rope pulled tighter and tighter on the arm, stopping the life flow

Allen A. Hunter

of blood throughout the whole body of humanity, you can dedicate your brains toward spreading a more humane economic doctrine. If 1.1 per cent of our national population own 58.9 per cent of the wealth while more than 79 per cent own scarcely 6 per cent, you have a possible task before you. As you prepare for that task, ponder over this finding of G. B. Shaw, "The demands of Jesus are turning out to be good sense and sound economics."

The cause of the gospel, you see, deals with the things right under our noses, and it involves the welfare of every person on this planet. You are here to see the relationships that bind you to the whole family of God, and to search out what those relationships imply for you personally. There is nothing abstract or trivial about those relationships. Again, taking the salute may seem innocent and noble enough on the parade ground. But being a part of the war-system does not stop there. It means that you must be willing to give a command which may translate itself into a burst of high explosive shells which leaves, after the smoke has cleared, some youth as fine as yourself, turned into a bleeding, gasping thing. Whereas with

him as a brother undestroyed, you could have helped to make this a decent world, a world where men could believe in God because they have the courage to believe in one another.

The question before us as Reinhold Niebuhr sees it is not whether "God is intellectually worthy of us but whether we are morally worthy of God . . . not whether we can harmonize the concept of a loving God with a ruthless nature, but whether we can harmonize the concept of a loving God with the sort of civilization we have built."

Our problem is not, as another has said, to define God. Our problem is to act like sons of God. Faith fundamentally is a venture of trust. And it must begin where the good Samaritan began, making contact with a neighbor. But as we go out to meet his need at the side of the road, we find our neighbor is not only the man who suffers there. We are led on to discover a Spirit holding the whole world together—a vast friendliness that shares with us power and personality.

Proof? It is not a matter of logic, but of experience. You stand hesitant before one of these baffling telephone booths. Only darkness is visible there, until you take a chance and step boldly in and close the door behind you. Then and only then does the light break. Anyone who gives his life to the cause of the gospel will find himself. This is the condition that Jesus laid down inexorably.

So wholeheartedly did Jesus fulfill his mission that when the machine of his body was broken, he did not come to an end. And from that time to this day, the discord of his cruel death has added meaning to the orchestra of all living.

The most baffling of all modern perplexities—why should evil be?—when brought into relation with Jesus' death and life gives place to a luminous question, "Whence came such goodness?" The will to save which met with no resistance from the will of Jesus now appears as a will thrilling through the whole universe, a will which we too can share.

Stopping the Machinery

But to be crystal clear so that we can see that will, we must take time off in order that the sediment from our busyness can settle. We shall not find life by being hectically preoccupied with getting this done and pushing that through. One must at times stop the machinery to get in touch with the Spirit back of the machine. The quality of work that most deeply serves mankind comes to those who take quiet breathing spells of detachment from the world. Gandhi says: "I know I shall never know God if I do not wrestle with and against evil, even at the cost of life itself." But in the close-knit comradeship of his ashram he also takes one day out of seven for complete reticence without a word passing his lips, when he can become plastic to suggestions from the over-world. "If you go back to your home and start a prayer group," Kagawa says to an American visitor, "that prayer wave may cover the world." To him prayer means the enjoyment of God and living up to the Sermon on the Mount, but there must first be what the Buddhists seek: calmness and the emptying of soul. That is the way to become crystal clear as we all want to become crystal clear within, so that God's light may shine through.

You say you don't know just what the job is to which you are called? You haven't yet found your life direction? He that wills to do the will, shall know, said Jesus. But Jesus himself, whenever he faced his major decisions, was first sure which was the path to which the cause of the gospel pointed. We often pride ourselves on being sincere and sure of the light when we are only cocksure of some little plan of our own and remain closed in our minds. When the great and final test was gathering like a storm about to break, after utterly sharing himself with his friends, Jesus went off under the trees and again and again reached out for guidance until there came serene and sure that last triumphant utterance, "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done." Would we ourselves find the focus of life? Then why not get acquainted with the great Galilean who let the *purpose* which includes all purposes come to unblurred focus in himself, who shows so vividly what personality can be?

His personality cannot be separated from his cause. And what is his cause? Nothing less than that all men shall get along together at the same table of life and look up to one Father. Only as we give ourselves, without restrictions, to that supreme venture of trust, can we come into right relations with life and so into right relations with ourselves.

Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

Rev. Charles F. Wishart *went from* the pastorate of the old Second Presbyterian church of Chicago, in 1919, to the presidency of Wooster college, Wooster, Ohio, where he now is. Dr. Wishart is author of several volumes, among which "The Unwelcome Angel" is best known. His sermon, "Shepherds and Kings," was preached at Wooster college.

*From Tennessee to Minnesota, with In*diana and South Dakota as way stations, describes the itinerary of *Rev.* C. K. Mahoney, who is now pastor of Joyce Memorial church, Minneapolis. He is a Drew seminary man of 1915.

Pastor of one of the most resourceful churches in Pittsburgh, Pa. (that center of all but unlimited Presbyterian power), *Rev.* Hugh Thomson Kerr of the Shadyside church is now completing his year as moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. His moderatorial sermon, presented in this issue, was delivered May 28, at the opening of the Presbyterian General Assembly, held in Pittsburgh. Dr. Kerr was born in Canada and preached in Kansas and Chicago before going to Pittsburgh. He is a genius in telling Bible stories to children and has published several books of children's sermons.

Rev. M. Ashby Jones *is pastor of the* Second Baptist church, St. Louis. He formerly held pastorates in Augusta, Ga., and at the Ponce de Leon Avenue church, Atlanta, Ga. Dr. Jones has recently received special public recognition for his vigorous and intelligent advocacy of the cause of world peace. The editor can testify that Dr. Jones is a good golf player, having trailed with him behind President Taft on the Augusta course many years ago.

Rev. William I. Jones *is a native of* Kansas, graduate of Oberlin School of Theology (1915) and has held several Congregational and Methodist pastorates in Kansas and Colorado. He is now pastor of the Methodist church at Yuma, Colorado.

Returning from China in 1926, *where he* taught in the National Normal University at Peking, *Rev.* Allan A. Hunter became pastor of Mt. Hollywood Community church (Congregational affiliation) at Los Angeles, where he now is. His sermon, reproduced in this issue, was originally preached in Stanford University chapel.

The pastoral prayer is by Dr. Albert W. Palmer, president of the Chicago Theological Seminary.

TITLES *and* TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

Arthur B. Patten, First Congregational, Madison, Conn. "Being a Voice and Not an Echo." John 1:23—"I am the voice of one."

Charles K. Imbrie, First Presbyterian, Newburgh, N. Y. "Faith in Bubbles." John 5:3—"A great multitude of impotent folk, waiting for the moving of the water."

Clarence E. Macartney, First Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa. "Manasseh—Sunset Repentance." 2 Chron. 33:12—"And when he was in affliction, he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers."

John A. Siceloff, First Methodist, Weatherford, Tex. "Our Unseen Sentinel." Exod. 12:42—"It was a night when God was on the watch."

Gordon A. Riegler, Trinity Congregational, Chicago, Ill. "Bewildered." Exod. 16:1—". . . the children of Israel came unto the wilderness."

William F. Wells, Union Presbyterian, Powell, Wyo. "Poor Investments." Haggai 1:6c—"He who earns a wage puts it into a bag with holes."

Ivan Lee Holt, St. John's Methodist, South, St. Louis, Mo. "Can We Be Sure?" Luke 7:19—"Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?"

O. B. Enselman, Methodist, Abingdon, Ill. "The Battle of the Ages." Luke 22:42b—". . . nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done."

Bryan H. Keathley, First Presbyterian, Graham, Tex. "God's Safety Vault." 2 Tim. 1:12—"He is able to keep that which I have deposited with him against that day."

Manfred C. Wright, First Methodist, Kendallville, Ind. "The Vitamin of Faith." Hab. 2:4—"The just shall live by faith."

George N. Magwood, University Park Congregational, Portland, Ore. "Spiritual Cowardice." 1 Sam. 10:22—"Behold, he hath hid himself behind the stuff."

George G. Vogel, M. E., South Orange, N. J. "Built In." 1 Pet. 2:5—"Ye also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

ANNOUNCEMENT that Dr. Daniel A. Poling, the Hon. Oliver W. Stewart and Colonel Raymond Robins will start next September an intensive campaign to set up an organization of the dry forces covering the entire nation is great good news. These men have projected a program of almost dizzying magnitude. They propose, before June, 1932, to hold both public and delegate meetings at regional or district centers in every state of the union and to leave behind them an organization of the supporters of the 18th amendment extending from each center down to the last precinct of that region or district. This sounds like a superhuman undertaking—for three men, in so short time. But if there are in the whole sweep of the country any other three such ideal leaders for this much needed accomplishment I cannot think of their names. When Poling and Stewart and Robins unite in saying, It can be done! there is nothing left for the rest of us but to pitch in and help. For myself, that is precisely what I am going to do. The campaigners will utilize the technique of the Flying Squadron. Great voices like those of Senator Borah, Governor Pinchot, Senator Sheppard, will be heard at specific centers. The next three months will be the "get ready" period. The campaign will be wholly independent of any now existing agencies, though it will have the sympathetic cooperation of all organized prohibition groups. The "Allied Drys" is the popular designation by which the new movement will probably be known, which is just a short way of telling the world that the many organizations supporting the 18th amendment have formed an alliance and propose to wage the present critical campaign under a unified command.

The Sleeping Giant Is Waking

The Book of the Month

THE ENDURING QUEST. *By Harry A. Overstreet. Macmillan Company,* $3.00.

WOULD you like to have a compact, simple, delightfully readable, but scientifically dependable, account of the revolution that is taking place in modern science? This, then, is your book. I will take responsibility for your complete satisfaction if you buy it on my recommendation. None of us ministers can read Einstein. Few of us get more than an occasional glint of light from Whitehead. Eddington appeals to more of us, and Sir James Jeans to a yet larger circle. But Overstreet will "find" us all and grip us all until he is done with us. The essence of the new science, he says, is that it discards the traditional habit of looking to animal and plant and atom for exclusive illumination about the universe, and holds that man with his understanding and mastery does actually reveal more clearly what nature is than do the more limited creatures. Has not the time come, asks Dr. Overstreet, who is professor of philosophy in the University of the City of New York, to turn the keen eye to nature as it functions on its apparently most illuminating level? He declares that since the birth of science this, practically, has never been done. But it is now the explicit method of the new science. Professor Overstreet does not say so, but I think his argument justifies my saying that in the equation of the new science, man is the "given" quantity. Our problem is not to explain man in terms of nature, but to explain nature in terms of man. This turns science upside down, and many scientists themselves find the shock so sudden that they feel as if they were standing on their heads.

A Thought for the Month

THE NOTE of alarm sounded in the older preaching has dropped out of the preaching of today. Formerly men could be frightened at the thought of hell or the immanence of death. But modern men have become so deeply implicated in the complex processes of secular life that death is unreal until they are close upon it; and as for hell, few are left who believe that there is any such place. Yet life is instinct with peril, and the preaching that fails to sound an alarm is not truly interpreting life. If the thought of death and hell is pale and forced, the peril of character is most real. It is not what may happen to our persons that we need to fear, but what is happening in our souls. So long as we conceive the judgment upon our wrong-doing as something external or postponed to the indefinite future, we are missing life's most controlling motive. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." But if we realize that judgment is executed with the act and not merely after it, and not upon the person but within the character, we cease our impatient cry, "How long, O Lord, how long!" Jesus was profoundly sensitive to the fact that the moral nature of man is organized with the utmost delicacy, that it is in constant peril of ruin through neglect or abuse, and that the processes by which its ruin may be accomplished are most subtle and even unconscious. From many a man of respectable and self-respecting status the Lord may be departing as he did from Samson while he "wist not." And unless preaching have in it this prophetic note of peril it fails to declare the whole counsel of God.

The Peril of Character

Charles Clayton Morrison

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